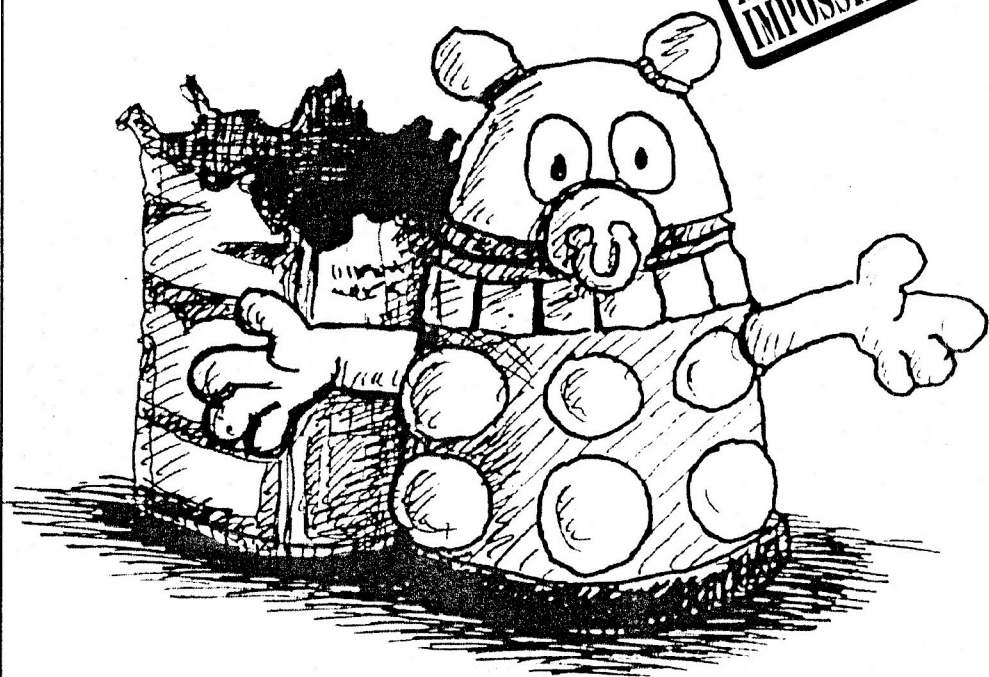


HYPOTHETICAL

MISSION
IMPOSSIBLE 27



Scotland's Other National Convention

pro

Editorial

Well folks it's started. The helter-skelter rush of getting everything ready for Hypotheticon'97 began last year, but now the work starts in earnest, with this first PR just a humble beginning. Over the next few months (as the panic sets in), the committee (see



"The Usual Suspects") will turn Hypotheticon from a good idea, into your "other national convention"; but enough of this, if I steal El Presidentie's thunder I'll end up licking all the postage stamps for this mail shot.

On with the show. If you just want the essential details go to the back page, but if you fancy wanting to know a bit more about Hypotheticon'97 and the people behind it read on. "El Presidentie Speaks" is the formal introduction to Hypotheticon'97 from our beloved leader; "The Usual Suspects" gives you a chance to see the current '97 committee (including mug shots), with a brief description of what we do and some choice words on our fellow conspirators; "The Story so far" is all the latest '97 information; and to round it all off "Ramblings of a senile old S.M.O.F." is the last letter I received from Smurf, the Hypotheticon '95 president, before being committed to Preston. We can only say that the strain was too much for him, as when we asked him to chair '97 he went whooping off down the hall like a cynical Daffy Duck.

Of shoes and ships and sealing wax, and Hypotheticon'95.

Hypotheticon '95 was to the people who ran it, an unqualified success. We achieved all that we set out to do, and enjoyed ourselves so much that some of the more particularly insane committee members have decided to do it all again. Total membership for '95 was around 200, which considering the whole Con was going to be cancelled just a few weeks before because of the lack(!) of memberships, is not too bad. The picture you see above was the '95 committee (left to right Sparks, S.P.G. & Smurf; Ian Thomas a.k.a. Steel could sadly not be there) presenting a cheque for £598.51 to the Headmis-

gress of The Mary Russell School. The school caters for children with severe learning difficulties and had been flooded out earlier that year. The River Cart running through it, instead of parallel to it. They put the money towards replacing some of the electrical equipment that had been damaged which they previously could not afford to replace. As a final note, the committee would like to thank everyone who helped & attended Hypotheticon'95. We only did the arranging; you very much made it come alive.

Look forward to seeing everyone again in '97.

S.P.G.

El Presidente speaks.

Imagine, if you will, a world beyond our understanding. A world where the normal laws of physics do not apply. A world located somewhere between the bar and reality. You have just stepped into "THE CONVENTION ZONE".

Welcome to Hypotheticon's first Progress Report. Hopefully it'll tell you what you need (and want) to know about the now legendary Hypotheticon.

So what *is* Hypotheticon anyway?

You mean you don't know?

Hypotheticon is a two day extravaganza of fun, frolics, and fermented drinks. Many of you will be seasoned convention attendees and have a rough idea of what to expect but we hope to attract new blood too. Part of the idea of Hypotheticon is to provide a cheap introduction to what conventions are about. In other words: bring a friend, bring two, hell just bring all of them! We don't care if all they know is Star Trek and X-Files. Our job over the weekend will be to show that there is *more* truth out there.

The more experienced con-goer might also be ~~dragged~~ invited into the insidious world of the con gopher. First we might ask you to guard the dealers room for half an hour, and the next thing you know it's six pints and three vodkas later and you're saying "Yeah, I'll be on the next committee". After all that's our other purpose in life, Hypotheticon is intended to bring more people into the realms of conrunning.

So now we let out the big secret: Conventions are run by ORDINARY PEOPLE. There we said it.

Many people come along to a con, see the frenzy of committee members and think "God, we could never do that!" Not true - we're proving that now. About half of the committee this time round are doing this for the first time. Two of the previous '95 committee having stayed on to give us the benefit of their experience and wisdom (...err...maybe that wasn't such a great idea given the way the Ex-Pres turned out - see SPG's Editorial) but the rest are just a bunch of ex-gophers and techies with delusions of grandeur.

Even if you're a newbie, volunteer for something. It's a good excuse to get talking with other people, get a look at the behind the scenes mayhem and get in to the gopher party at the end of the con. In fact if you think you've got a programme idea let us know. If we like it, we'll feed your megalomaniac tendencies, giving you a whole hour or more in charge. Today a bar quiz, tomorrow a Con, heh, heh, heh.

So read on, enjoy and start thinking...

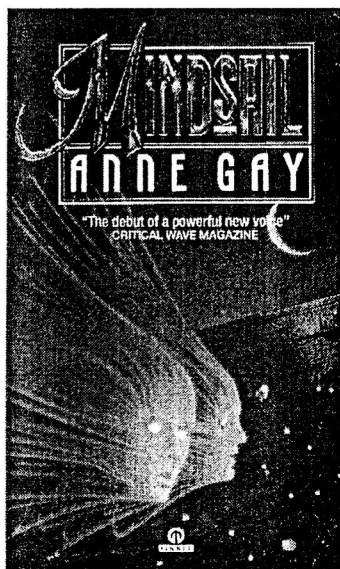
The Story So Far

The Good News

We have secured both author Anne 'Mindsail' Gay and artist Brian 'The Blue Dragon' Waugh.

Anne is reputedly 'very enthusiastic' about being asked to be GoH. In fact she may even have stopped bouncing up and down by now. Writer of far more books than she'll admit to us, our spies are working her husband over for more info even as we speak...

Brian has agreed despite the fact we still haven't bought him the pint we owed him at Albacon (yes we hadn't forgotten). Now *that's* what I call dedication! Between now and the convention he might even get another painting done. These days he has moved onto fine art but we might be able to



persuade him to return to genre. At Albacon one of his paintings went for over £750 but this hasn't stopped the committee squabbling over who will make the highest bid next time.

The Central Hotel has confirmed our booking for the 27th & 28th of September. You know, they *really* should know better by now. They *have* hosted Hypotheticon and countless Albacons already, including one with a custard pie fight against the staff! I wonder if we can talk them into a rematch...

The Bad News

Due to other commitments, Paul 'Avon' Darrow has had to cancel. We apologise to those who were looking forward to seeing him.
We were too. :-{

Events

SOMETHING NASTY IN THE BASEMENT

X-Files meets Cthulu meets Hammer House of Horror. If you remember the last one it was more like "meets ER". Panic set in when a "dead" body was found by one of the hotel staff, who called for the convention medic.

The Olde Worlde Space Hopper Tourney

After the runaway (bounce-away?) success of the previous tourney we reckon we'll try it again *with full grown adult space hoppers*. Given the amount of bruises (some of which have only just healed) from last time, maybe we should have a medic on stand-by this time?

Twister with a twist

The top secret design labs of Hypotheticon are busily planning a particularly nasty form of Twister. Phrases like "8 - dimensional" and "virtual reality" have been banded about - but then so have "bugger that" and "who's round is it?"

The Costume Ceilidh

As ever we will combine the traditional ceilidh with our masquerade event. That means, of course, that costumes will have to be tough enough to survive a small war. We will be asking "Steep the Feet", who played at the last Hypotheticon ceilidh, to join us again.

The Great Hypotheticon Custard Pie 15-1 Challenge

After the success of the 15-1 quiz at Albacon, the committee from Year of the Wombat asked if we would do it again for their convention. (Didn't they know it took three weeks to get the cream out of the carpets?) Never to let a good idea (or a bad one) get away. We thought that we would also have another quiz at H97. But, it would mean that we had three winners. This will not do! So it was decided that we would have the "Champion of Champions" quiz to find "The (Custard) Tart of Tarts". Are you up to the challenge?

Congratulations to Sandy Matthews who won the Albacon 15-1 Challenge. Bet you didn't think you'd be doing it again. Heh, heh, heh.

Bemused thanks to the "Vacuous Tart" who sportingly agreed to stand at the end of the line just to be pried at each round. Hope you managed to get the cream out.

The Sale of the Millennium

Not so much an Auction as daylight robbery. Just ask the guy who paid five quid for a can of Irn Bru. Seriously this is your chance to get some rare, collectable memorabilia and help the con charity at the same time. Please note that anything signed by a Mr T Pratchett is instantly worth absolutely nothing. Unsigned copies of his books, however, should be sent to a Swiss bank vault at the earliest opportunity.

The Usual Suspects



CSM101

Jethrick is the president of our motley crew. It's his job to hide all the sharp objects during committee meetings and to make sure we are actually doing the things we promised to do. Jethrick is new to running conventions so he's very much in at the deep end, but don't worry we'll give him a pair of waterwings for the first few months.

Sparks on Jethrick: Hypotheticon.... Hypotheticon.... of course I'll be good and take this little pill.... bye bye nurse.

T.P.C. on Jethrick: Likes to think he's in charge just coz he's President... we know better.... Seriously though, if Jethrick were a sandwich he'd be ham & cheese.

1.2.MANY

Sparks has done quite a few conventions as Tech-Ops, but this time has swapped his soldering iron for a short skirt and high heels, to become our secretary. Sparks is our main point of contact with our guests, and it's his firm intention at the convention, to look after them in the convention bar. Sparks has worked on more conventions than anyone else I know, including last years very popular "Discworldcon". Sparks has utter faith in Fandom, with his favourite line to Jethrick being "don't worry, everything will be fine, they'll all turn up on the day" (bit like Kevin Cosner in "Field of Dreams", but not so good looking).

Agent Orange on Sparks: He is his name. Fierce, flamboyant and with a tendency to erupt without notice - only slightly tempered with age and matrimony.

Sparks on Sparks: All round wonderguy.

AL9000

Agent Orange has the enviable job of looking after the money which means she goes around muttering "*budgets*" & "*this just does not add up*", poor AO. AO is Jethrick's other half (or is it the other way around), but the rest of the committee is not worried about them eloping to Millport, as she's a doctor and earns enough to keep a small principality running for quite a while.

T.P.C. on Agent Orange: A warning to flat owners everywhere - do not invite AO round for games. Not if you want to speak to your downstairs neighbours again.

S.P.G. on Agent Orange: INCOMING!

0898

S.P.G. is the P.R. guy. It's up to him to sell the convention to the unsuspecting masses. S.P.G. has already done a handful of con publicity namely Hypotheticon and Albacon, but started this silliness way back in '93 with the "Hobbit's Armpit", Paisley University's Sci-fi/Roleplaying society.

T.P.C. on S.P.G.: Living entirely on Coca-cola and satsumas, S.P.G. can go up to 4 days without sleep. You won't want to talk to him for that 4 days but he'll be awake... handy for getting progress reports out on time(ish).

Agent Orange on S.P.G.: A man with a mouth large enough to put both feet in - and does so on a regular basis. The classic immovable object.

BS5750

Leggy Blonde #1 is the man the Gophers will fear and dread. LB#1 is another '95 diehard, and hopes to manage Hypotheticon '97s gophers into a cohesive fighting force for world domination, but the rest of the committee will settle for the program items being setup on time.

T.P.C. on Leggy Blonde #1: The original blond tart, he drinks crap American lager till he falls over, then wakes up with a woman he's never seen before.

Jethrick on Leggy Blonde #1: The Man with two lives. Sometimes master of the "being in two places at once" trick. Usually leader of the one-man charge into the fray.

12x80/-

The Psycho Chicken is the lowest of the low in the '97 committee pecking order. It'll be T.P.C.'s job to do all the things that the rest of the committee cannot be bothered to do, the buck stops here! T.P.C. is also our tame artist and it will up to him to produce the majority of the artwork for '97, just look at the front cover. T.P.C is an old hand at con artwork having already penned for Hypotheticon'95 & Albacon'96.

Jethrick on T.P.C.: Pens are his ammunition. fear his weapon. "A picture tells a thousand words", each word a cutting retort. Beware!

Sparks on T.P.C.: More paint please nurse.

...LOTS

Bert is the goblin teasmaid, badly I may add.

Ramblings of a senile old S.M.O.F.*

12.12.96 M. Reilly Asylum for the Criminally Insane

I write this as a warning to all those who would come after me in the great tradition (sic) known as con-running. There are those who would persuade you that this is going to be the "Best Bang since the Big One", that there will be "beer and excellent adventures all round" and that there shall be "nothing like it under the sun, except the next one" and other such quotes, until you are heartily sick. And so it is, for all. Except you. For you, the con will disappear in a flash of hurried pints and rapid orders, probably more to you than from you. This is the way it was for me. But I survived. And for saying that I enjoyed it, and for saying that I might like to do another sometime, I was incarcerated here for my own protection, where my sole company is an inflatable rubber Enterprise and a set of blunt darts.



(*Secret Master Of Fandom: The true rulers of the Universe. Emperor Ming is nothing compared to these people. David Icke is sh't scared of these guys! In fact SMOFs may have even started the Universe as stress relief after working at a Worldcon.)

I will tell you the story, if they give me the chance, for I feel the SMOFs approaching to loose me on the world in a Womble costume, thence to let me try and convince an unbelieving audience that the next con should use an Aspidistra plant as its GoH.

Hypotheticon began as a roleplaying tourney with small extras and ended up as a full blown con. I was only the chairbeing and I have no idea the route we took to arrive where we did. Upon arrival we handed over pennies shy of 60000 to the Mary Russel School in Paisley, but we also nearly put ourselves in hospital from varying causes from girlfriends to pure stress (a terrible sight, one I hope you will never see, but if you go to Hypotheticon'97 you surely will and see how entertaining it is for those not involved). In the process of arrival we managed to keep 200 + fans happy to a certain degree (once we had blasted the bar manager - unfortunately only in our dreams). A more twisted bunch of people determined to have a good time I have yet to meet in my nightmares.

On the subject of nightmares, the first sign of my on-rushing madness was the suggestion to construct our own GoH (Sounds like a good con game to me. Cheap, too). He became known as 1RN 8RU, the eight foot tall blue and orange Dalek with Irn Bru cans for eyes and, just to keep tradition alive, an (undisguised) sink plunger for a sucker (yes we did have some sponsorship from Barrs, as well as quite a lot of support from bars). Powered and animated by our tame Munchkin, 1RN 8RU was a terrible sight lumbering jerkily down the corridor. Round and round the ceilidh hall driven by those most demonic of bands Steep the Feet.

Now, full of alcohol it's far more terrifying, he's been turned into a drinks cabinet. There are worse ways to go, after all.

Although my course of mundanianasis is currently on-going, I have been normalising to the extent that I will be released in time for Hypotheticon'97 when there should be just enough time to really enjoy a life of hedonism before I flip out again and volunteer for the next one, whence I will be put away for a much more severe course of treatment - Real Life!"

The Membership List

2	F	Anderson, Graham	
49	S	Atherton, Chris	Tiny Clanger
23	S	Blue, Kirsty	Kirsty
26	F	Boyce, Chris	Tum Tum
27	F	Boyd, Colin	Aptiva Man
24	F	Burdge, John	Lemuel
47	F	Carnegie, Gillian	Djade
28	F	Carty, Alistair	Alligator Descartes
51	F	Christie, Martin	
29	F	Cutland, Howard	
30	F	Daly, Julia	
49	F	Dalglish, Colin	Dalg
1	F(C)	Duffy, Liam	Jethrick
7	F(G)	Gay, Anne	Anne Gay
31	F	Hessan, Cara	Cara
2	F(C)	Hill, Alison	Agent Orange
50	F	Hosking, Niall	
32	S	Hossain, Tanzeema	Tanya
33	F	Kirkwood, Wendy	Venusia
34	S	Krishnamoorthy, Latha	
38	F	Mair, Ann	Ann Mair
4	F(C)	Marshall, Scott	Leggy Blonde #1
21	F	MatthewS, Elaine	Elaine
20	F	MatthewS, Sandy	Sandy Matthews
5	F(C)	McChrystal, Neil	The Psycho Chicken
3	F(C)	McDougall, Grant	S.P.G.
35	S	McKendrick, John	John
36	S	McKendrick, Pauline	Pauline
37	S	McKendrick, Richard	Richard
48	F	McPaul, Jimmy	
239	F	McWilliamS, Lucy	Lucifer
40	F	Murray, Steve	Erik
6	F(C)	Sparks	Sparks
41	S	Rodriguez, Rick	Rick
53	F	Sage, Meurig	Mig
45	F	Simpson, Neil	Maniac
42	F	Sinha, Ivan	
43	F	Sinha, Sheila	
44	F	Sleith, Carolyn J	Carolyn
46	F	Taylor, Cameron	
8	F(G)	Waugh, Brian	Brian Waugh
52	F	Wood, Kenneth	Woody

F - Full Membership

S - Supporting Membership

C - Committee

G - Guest

D - Dealer

All *you eVe* wanted to know about *Hypotheticon* '97 ...and how to *pay us* the *MONEY*!

Where ?

Central Hotel, Gordon St, Glasgow G1

When ?

27th & 28th of September 1997, from 10am Saturday morning
till 5ish Sunday night.

How much ?

Supporting £5, full membership £15 (till 1st of June)

Room rates ?

Still to be finalised with the Hotel, will keep you advised.

Snail mail address:

Hypotheticon 97, Flat 3/L, 38 Scotstoun Street, Glasgow, G14 0UN

E-mail address:

hypotheticon@ukonline.co.uk

Web address:

<http://web.ukonline.co.uk/hypotheticon/>

Real Name: _____

Badge Name: _____

(Silly pseudonym, or whatever else you want to be known as.)

Address: _____

Any special needs
(e.g. wheelchair access)

(Please detail)

- ☐ I wish to support HYPOTHETICON 97. (enclose £5.00)
- ☐ I wish to attend HYPOTHETICON 97. (enclose £15.00)
- ☐ I wish to apply for a room single/double/lots
- ☐ I wish information about Gophering *(Tick if you can spare some time to help at the Con.)*

Amount Enclosed: *(Make cheques payable to 'Hypotheticon,' and enclose an S.A.E. if you require a receipt)*